

# It Takes All Kinds #6



Image by Skaja Evens

## Welcome to Issue 6 of It Takes All Kinds!

It's been a hot minute (in the fifteen year range) since I've done a zine. I published five issues of this title, plus three other titles back around 2006-07. Back then, I ran a small press with my then-spouse, and worked with/for an artist with a really fancy copy machine.

Life went sideways, as it often does, and the original issue 6 didn't get any farther than collecting submissions. I set all of it aside, though I moved the back issues with me a few times. I also set aside the writing, for the most part. I was mildly prolific in 2015, writing poetry and finishing NaNoWriMo that year.



Then I set it aside again in favor of other art. Crocheting, mostly. I make a lot of Fbombs.

Back in April, I met a writer/publisher and - in one of many conversations with him - I found myself rekindling the spark to write. Next thing I know, I'm starting a small press, and reaching out to contributors from the past issues to do a 'Best of' issue (which I still have to put together).

I used to do this quarterly, however, the goal now is to produce a digital zine monthly. I'm hoping to gather enough in support and sponsorship via the Ko-fi page to be able to have the zine in hard copy again. Oh, and the back issues are available as .pdfs, and there are a handful of hard copies of those, too.

Over time, I'm looking at publishing other works. Chapbooks, and the like. We'll see what happens. For now, I invite you to read the following pages, and consider contributing. Share with a friend. Now, more than ever, art and writing need to be out in the world.

Thanks for reading.

Skaja  
July 2022



Image by Jenna Leng



The words on this page are by Renee Lynn.

Candle image by Skaja Evens.

1. Play:

It's time, come and play  
the magic crown allows it –  
pure enchantment thrives

2. Words:

I'm not just a thing  
I create windstorms of words  
using powers of my mind

3. Hope Beacon:

a beacon of hope  
brings in all inspiration –  
inside, all along.

4. Moved On:

even without you  
I'm happy and prosperous  
despite what you did.

5. Not With You:

you don't understand  
I would have given you all  
leading by my heart.

6. Purified:

reaching cool waters  
I'm drowning in the musk –  
I am sanctified.

7. Free:

mistakes can be made  
accidents can just happen –  
release all the blame.

8. Show Me:

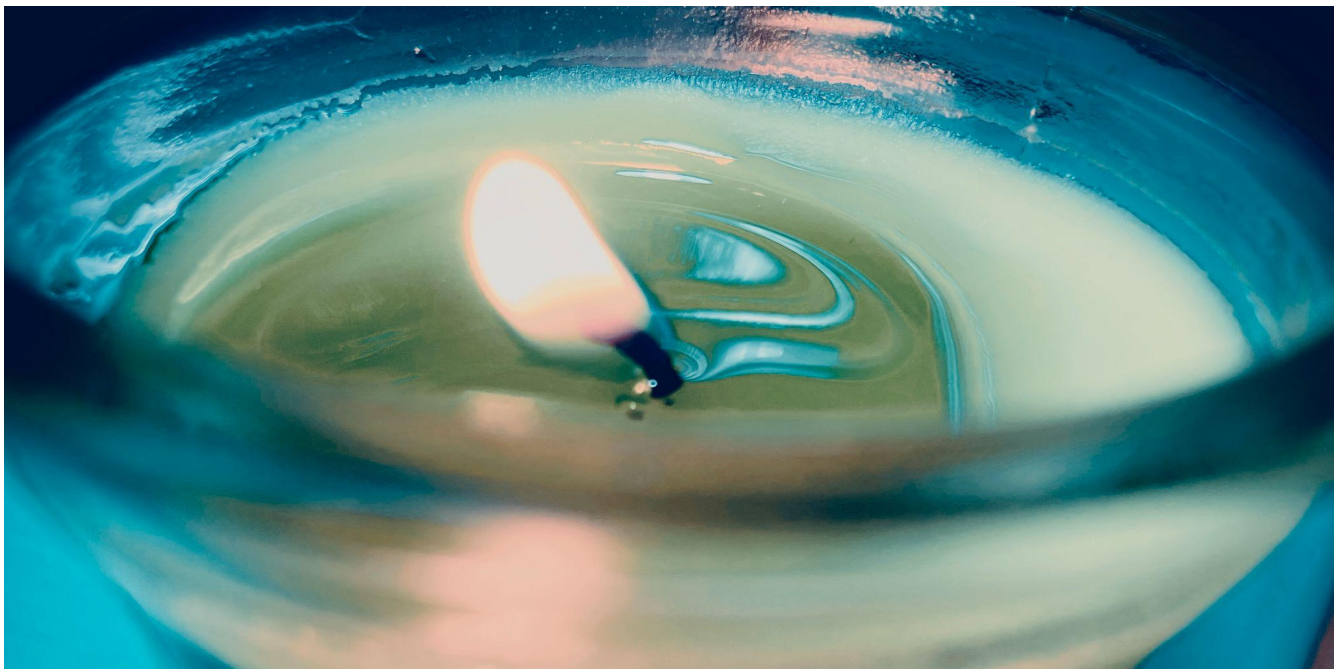
in muted chaos  
words seem to lose their meaning  
show me by action.

9. Creativity:

allowing for rest  
stirs creative energy –  
sounds so promising.

10. Found Strength:

far too many thoughts  
gather at the wrong moments  
find strength in chaos.





Note Card from Hell #67 by Scott Simmons

## Through the Bog By Christy Nicholas

Sharonda sipped her cider and fiddled with her tiny gold cross pendant while the old man next to her gummed his fifth dram of whiskey. He mumbled and grimaced in a frightful attempt at a wink.

The Connemara Pub was typically Irish. It was only her third night of vacation, but each pub in Ireland had been roughly the same. One long bar with a talkative ‘landlord,’ a group of workmen that were regulars, and an old man at the end of the bar who mumbled ceaselessly.

“Whooj alass liegya haff a man?”

“Pardon me?”

The landlord laughed and wiped the already clean bar in front of her. “He asked if you had a man, a husband. I think he fancies you.”

The old man humphed and smiled, showing his naked gums. She could swear his eyes sparked, but it must have been a trick of the light. He raised his half-empty glass and downed the rest. He fumbled in the pockets of his faded dress pants and pulled out an object, holding it in his extended fist. “An wooja marimee, den?”

He spread his fingers to reveal a smooth piece of wood with a hole carved through the center. It was perfectly symmetrical.

“He asked if you would marry him.”

Sharonda had taken a sip from her cider – a far better option than the black stout – and choked on it. After several helpful pats on the back from some of the regulars, she croaked out her thanks and wiped the cider from her chin.



A guy with a buzz cut grabbed the object from the old man's hand and examined it. "A bog wood carving, it is. That's a precious gift. You'll not insult him by turning down the gift, will you?"

Sharonda shook her head and examined the carving. The younger man grinned and patted her several times on the shoulder. "Well? What do ye say, lass? Will ye make the old man happy?"

The old man wagged his eyebrows, making her giggle.

Sharonda shook her head. "I'm afraid I've a man at home. He'd be sorely disappointed if I brought home a husband."

That earned her a round of laughs from everyone and she managed a shy grin. Perhaps the Irish pubs weren't so bad after all. They certainly weren't the meat markets that bars were back home in Miami. When Sharonda had announced she was going to Ireland on vacation, her best friend looked her up and down and shook her head. "Girl, you crazy. What the hell d'you want with a white-bread place like Ireland? Go somewhere fun, like Jamaica or Hawaii. A place you can go swimming in the warm ocean and order drinks with umbrellas. What's Ireland got but a bunch of drunken men, pedophile priests and old rocks?"

Well, the bunch of drunken men were fun enough. She didn't even feel that self-conscious being the only black person in the place. In fact, she was the only woman. She'd caused quite a stir when she walked in.

Everyone had stopped mid-conversation and watched as she walked in and sat at the bar. The talking started again as soon as she ordered a pint of cider.

Ireland had always fascinated her. Some song about a unicorn when she was a child had intrigued her, and she'd studied the culture and people as she got older. She'd even included folk cures from Ireland as part of her Master's thesis in Botany. Some people dove into Greek mythology, World War II, or the Kennedy assassination. Sharonda fixated on Ireland. At long last, she'd realized her dream and come here on her first real vacation outside the States.

Besides, she was Catholic, and it seemed natural to want to visit a Catholic country, right?

The young, beefy man next to her coughed into his handkerchief. The ragged cough sounded dry and painful. It wasn't just a napkin, but a real handkerchief, complete with red and white checks. She didn't realize such things still existed.

The landlord frowned and filled a glass from the tap. "Need some water, Johnnie?"

He waved it off. "Nah, I'll be fine, Pat. Just the regular spring cough."

Sharonda glanced at the landlord and could tell by his narrow eyes he wasn't buying it. Johnnie was sicker than he admitted to.

She finished off the last of her cider, stuck the piece of wood in her pocket, and nodded to the landlord. She gathered her purse and turned toward the door.

Johnnie said, "It's dark out, darling. I'll walk ye to yer car, aye?"

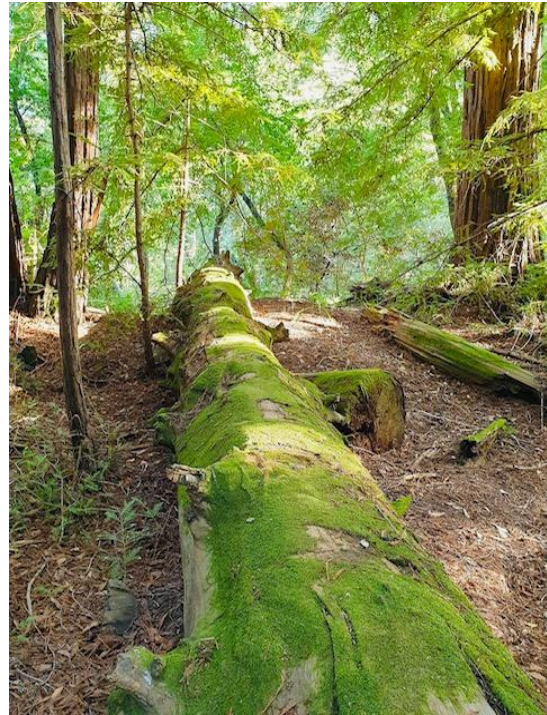


photo by Jamie Calame

It wasn't that dark. Despite being 10pm, dusk had barely settled. The street was pretty busy, so she didn't think he would try to mug her or anything. Johnnie had offered a gentlemanly gesture, and so she let him.

"Thanks. I appreciate your kindness, Mr. ...?" She cocked her head.

"McNally. I'm Johnnie McNally." The answer sent him into a nasty coughing fit. Sharonda wasn't a doctor, only a botanist, but it sounded bad.

"Johnnie, are you okay? Can I get someone? That doesn't sound good at all. It's not just a spring cough, is it? Have you seen a doctor?"

He cleared his throat and carefully folded his handkerchief. He looked at her and sighed. "No, I



photo by Jamie Calame

suppose it isn't. I can't go see the doc, though." She crossed her arms. "And why not?" She wondered at her boldness. Still, men were men the world over, and they frequently ignored their own well-being due to sheer stubbornness. With a sheepish grin, he said, "It is, at that. But the local doc is a menace. I won't trust my care to him." She narrowed her eyes. "Can't you just go to another doctor?" He shook his head. "Not around here. This town only has the one. I'm on a waiting list for one up the coast, but he's swamped. Mostly because of this idjit in town. I'll be grand, Miss Sharonda. You go on home and be safe driving, aye?" To her surprise, he didn't angle for a kiss or try to get her number. He simply patted her car roof a couple times after she got into her rental, waved, and headed straight back into the pub. Sharonda shook her head again. She just wasn't used to that level of friendliness without an ulterior motive. It wasn't the first encounter like that she'd had with Irish men, and she was now certain it wouldn't be her last. Johnnie reminded her of her little brother, Thomas. He'd been the sort to help single women to their cars, without trying to get a kiss as payment. He'd been a sweet young man, before...

Best not to think of that.

Men were a mystery to Sharonda. She'd had her fair share of male interest. She was young, reasonably attractive and friendly. That was enough for plenty of men to show interest back home, though none of these were actually a requirement. Her best friend, Natalie, as much as

she loved her, was nasty to most men who approached her. And yet she still got asked on plenty of dates.

Sharonda was more of a wallflower next to Natalie. However, traveling alone in a strange country required that she come out of her shell occasionally. Without Natalie's looming presence, Sharonda had actually started a few conversations on her own terms. It felt nice. She pulled into the dark driveway of the Cat Corcra B&B, a painfully picturesque place, with white plastered walls and dark timbers. She had a private entrance to her room and her own bathroom, which she greatly appreciated. The last B&B had neither. This room was so teeming with tchotchke, that she could barely move without knocking twenty of the little trinkets over. Every surface was covered in clashing fabrics, but it was cozy, it was warm, and it had cable. That was all she required; that and decent WiFi.

With a glance at the ancient alarm clock, Sharonda realized she'd have to hurry to post the day's travel blog before she went to bed. She also had to text Natalie to assure her she'd survived yet another day traveling on her own.

She pressed her phone button several times, but to her dismay, she found it was completely out of charge. She growled a few curses before digging through her huge purse for the charge cord. She fished it out, tangled in her hairbrush, and plugged it into the wall. It would never charge in time for her to blog. Her blog app always took so much charge. However, she could at least text a brief message to Natalie.

After her texts, she put the phone down to charge, moving a tiny ceramic cat figurine to make a space. She thought about the man, Johnnie, and his cough. Maybe she could research something for him? She was a botanist and knew many herbal medicines. No, she barely knew the man. She certainly had no call to be messing around with the man's health. Still, she wished there was something she could have done to help Johnnie. He'd been kind to her. She hadn't been able to help Thomas, but maybe she could help this young man instead.

The figurine felt suddenly warm in her hands. She examined it more closely, admiring the tiny purple flowers painted on the white ceramic. It was strange to paint purple flowers on a cat, but it was lovely. Why was it so warm? It practically burned her hands before she placed it back on the end table.

Her window was open to catch the night breeze, and a long, low yowl drifted in from the deepening night.

What could that have been? The B&B was on the edge of a peat bog, a vast field of tufts of grass, mud, and irregular trails. She was warned about wandering about there, as the peat could mire you. Sharonda thought back to cartoons of her youth, where quicksand was a common trope. Common enough that she'd imagined it to be a much more present danger in everyday life than it actually was. Peat bogs were the Irish equivalent of quicksand, as far as she could tell. Another yowl.

Sharonda grimaced at her still dead phone. Perhaps someone was lost and needed help in the bogs? She shut the door and walked outside to listen for the sound, any sound. A rustle, a struggle, anything to indicate someone was in distress. Was someone crying? The wind across the bog made it difficult to make out sounds. The half-moon shone in the deepening sunset. It couldn't be anything natural. Perhaps she should enlist some help? A glance back at the main house showed it was dark with no car outside.

Damn it.



Another howl came across the bog. Sharonda took a tentative step on the path, a pale glow in the moonlight. If she just stayed on the path, she should be safe enough, right? She wished she had her phone.

She rushed back to her room and retrieved her phone. It had barely 10% charge, but that should be enough to call for help if she should get into real trouble. After another moment of thought,



photo by Jamie Calame

she went to her car and flicked the headlights on. Smiling, she stepped upon the path again.

The wind picked up as she got farther from the B&B. Something might have howled across the field, or it could have been the wind; she couldn't tell. After about ten minutes, her car headlights blinked back off. Damn it – the car must have some sort of failsafe for leaving lights on. She glanced back several times, to make sure she could still make out the shape of the building in the darkness. The satellite dish practically glowed in the moonlight. She would be able to see that for quite a distance. She walked toward where the flash had been.

The next cry gave her gooseflesh. Despite the fact that it was midsummer, it was still chilly at night in this western corner of the country. She rubbed her arms and

wished she'd thought to grab her sweater, or the Irish wool shawl that was currently keeping the back of her chair warm.

Something must have gotten caught in the bog. The cry could have been a plaintive meow. Sharonda was not a cat person, as a rule. She had always been a dog person. Still, no creature deserved a slow and agonizing death caught in a peat bog. But why would it flash? Maybe it had something on the collar, maybe something reflective? Whatever it was, she'd find it and bring it back safe. She thought about her dog at home, Marley. He was a sweet little pug, all love and no sense.

Another yowl made her shiver, but she must be getting closer. She stepped on something and it squelched, making her grimace. The path was almost gone at this point.

She chose each step carefully, testing it before putting her full weight down. At least she still had on her hiking shoes. Those were a necessity for tramping around the countryside in Ireland.

Something rustled directly in front of her. She cursed and fell backward into the wet, muddy grass. Blinded, she carefully picked herself up and looked around. It took several moments and blinks before she could make out anything.

With a glance back toward the B&B, she realized she couldn't see it or the satellite dish any longer. A cloud had covered the half-moon. The last of the velvet blue washed out of the sky, which left her standing in near darkness with freezing water seeping into her shoes and through her clothes in the spot where she'd fallen.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!" She pulled out her cell phone and clicked the flashlight icon. She did a full sweep around her but could make nothing out. Then the light died.

"Fuck!" she snarled.

She stood quietly for at least ten minutes, and heard no more howls in the night. Whatever creature had lured her into this place was either long gone or beyond her help.

She had several choices. She could cry out and hope someone was nearby to help. That was unlikely, as the B&B was out in the middle of nowhere. She could try to stumble her way back in the general direction she thought she'd come from, which would be insanely stupid. Or she could wait right where she was until daylight. Midsummer had short nights. Dawn, or at least twilight, was only a few hours away, after all.

Other than a few nights camping at Peace River, she'd never been outdoors overnight. There was that one time she and Natalie were stuck in the Everglades, but they slept in the car. She was a city girl, not used to this countryside crap. Still, it would be idiotic to go tramping around in the darkness. It had been idiotic for her to come out here to begin with, after all. With a sigh, she felt around for a reasonably dry rock or hillock to sit on. She'd be damned if she would stand for hours when she could sit.

Sharonda found several hillocks, but they were all swampy. Finally, one seemed reasonably dry. It was more a long, flat rock covered in moss. That made it rather comfortable. It was big enough that she could stretch out and lie down mostly flat on it. She did exactly that.

The moon remained hidden, but several stars sparkled in other parts of the sky, and she was amazed at the thousands she saw. There was still a faint glow of light on the horizon. The night didn't go completely black this time of the year, just dark. She could hear the ocean waves crashing against an unseen shore somewhere in the distance, and the occasional cry of a night bird. She saw no more flashes, though, and heard no more howls. Still, her skin shivered and she hugged herself. It was cold and lonely out here in the bog.



photo by Jamie Calame



Since she'd thought about Thomas earlier, his smiling face drifted into her thoughts. It was quickly banished with the memory of gunshots and blood. She pushed the painful memory away, determined not to relive that horrible night. Soon, she slipped off into sleep.

The wind woke her, a furious howl that made her sit up and almost fall off her mossy rock bed. It was light, but the light was strange. It wasn't quite daylight, but as if the earth itself glowed, rather than anything in the sky. And the countryside was different.

She stood up and looked around. Rolling hills instead of swamp. Heavily ivy-laden trees, rather than hillocks. "What in the living hell?"

A hiss from behind made her jump off her rock. A huge cat-like creature, its back arched in anger, circled her slowly.

Where the hell was she? This was not where she was last night. The rock was the same, though, she would swear it. Who would move her and the rock? This was ridiculous. And this creature was no cat. Cat's weren't purple, and they weren't the size of a Labrador retriever.

Then she remembered the small ceramic cat in the B&B.

Sharonda backed up several steps as the creature came closer. She put out her hands. "Look, I just want to go home, that's all."

The creature stopped and cocked his head. Did it understand her words? This was like some twisted fairy tale. Had one of the men in the pub slipped something in her cider last night? That

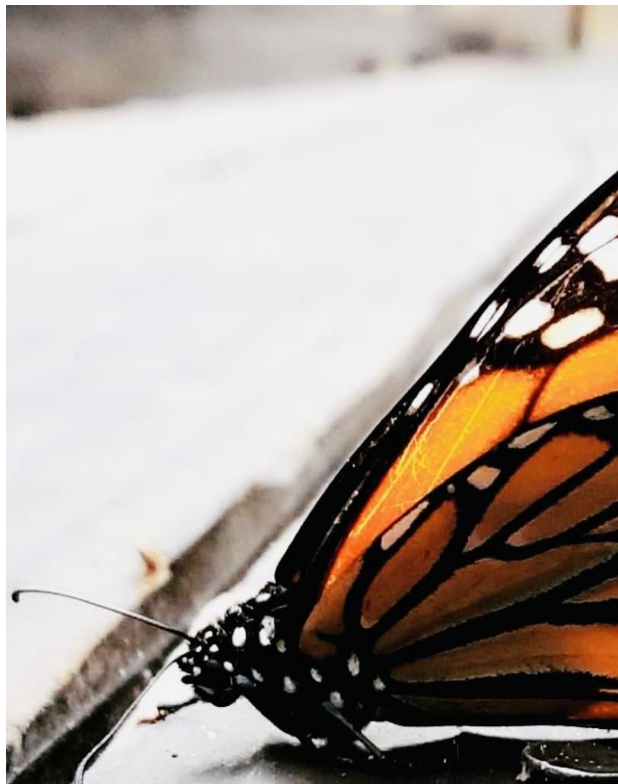


photo by Jamie Calame

was the only explanation. Or she was having a particularly vivid dream. Nightmare, really. The cat-thing nodded and put out its paw. Sharonda stared at it. What was she supposed to do, shake it? Tentatively, she touched the paw, but nothing happened. What had she expected, rainbows and unicorns? With a nervous laugh, she withdrew her hand. The cat still stared at her. She stood and felt something hit her thigh. Putting her hand in her pocket, she felt something hard. Oh, that damned carving the old man had given her. She drew it out, and the cat yowled. "This? Is this what you want?" Gingerly, she put the piece of wood down in front of the cat, and it yowled again, jumping on the thing as if it were a mouse. A flash of bright light and pain washed through her. She staggered and shook her head, trying to dispel the agony. When she opened her eyes, she was back in the bog, and it was morning.

She was still lying on the mossy rock, but there was now a ring of mushrooms around her. She was certain she would have seen the bright white mushrooms last night, despite the lack of light. They would have practically glowed in the dim light.



Something was in her hand. When she looked, it was a plant. What sort of plant? It looked vaguely familiar, but she'd have to look it up when she got home. It wasn't quite light yet, and the plant was rather the worse for wear. She must have grabbed it when she was asleep. Maybe it would be safer if she rested today, slept in her B&B room rather than go out driving anywhere. Something must have given her a bad reaction for such a hallucination. Either that, or she'd had one hell of an imaginative dream.

Thankful that she now had light and could see the B&B clearly, she marched back to the sanctuary of her room. She undressed and went to the bathroom, stopping to brush out her hair.

Then she noticed her gold cross pendant was changed. It was now a small cat's paw made of gold. She glanced at the plant she'd placed on the counter and examined it with good light. It looked a lot like marshmallow root, but the leaves were bright purple, the same shade as the cat. They should have been pale purple, almost white. She didn't think it grew in Ireland. As she recalled, it was definitely good for coughs. Maybe it was a special type of marshmallow root, one that only grew in Ireland. Better yet, one that only grew in the fairy world of Ireland. Maybe she could help Johnnie, after all.

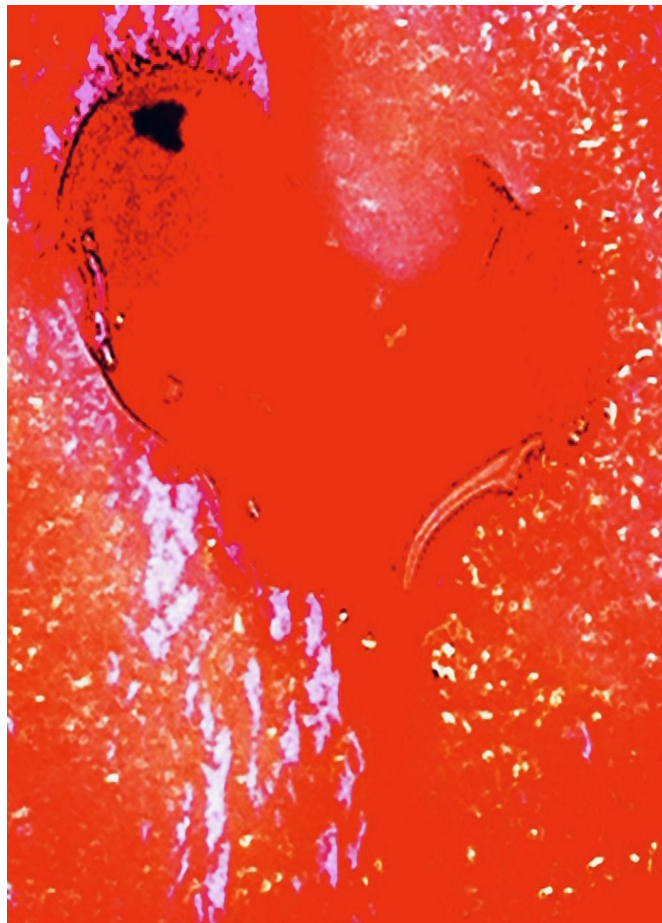
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We Can't Always Be On  
By Mandy Steward

Tomato Heart by Skaja Evens

To be a human is to sob.  
It is our lineage, our process.  
The story we are telling is one  
of falling apart,  
but then death comes.  
Such a gift is death.  
The unbecoming sort of living.  
I am not a victim to death.  
To be a human is to sob.  
I am its witness.  
This is no subtle breakdown.  
Forgetting is not the unpardonable sin.  
Do not chastise yourself for nodding off.  
A lullaby is being sung.  
It is our lineage, our process,  
but then death comes.  
We nod off because we can't always be on.  
Be the place that can absorb impact.  
To be a human is to sob  
upon awakening again.

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For Once We Were The Cool Kids  
By John Patrick Robbins

As now we are simply the old farts  
withering away, relegated to our isolation  
and false walls to keep ourselves safe.

We laughed at all the others trying to fit in  
as now we question, why didn't we?

As now we waste away within our tombs  
hosting memories alone.  
Drowning in vices, choking back tears.

It's all an illusion that fools nobody.  
As old friends are but distant memories all  
caught up in their own dramas.



Or if lucky, taking up space in the stone  
garden with just as many empty vessels just  
beyond arm's reach.

Social ties seem bound by such fragile  
strings, as kites are pulled easily off into  
the promise of an oncoming storm.

Time can be the cruelest bastard to a fragile  
ego.  
We had our moment and that's all it ever  
truly was.

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Stay in your magic  
By Skaja Evens

Plunge into the depths  
Disoriented, afraid  
Trust that you'll be safe

Love, unfurl your wings  
Compartmentalization  
Is not home for you

Fuck complacency  
Disturb the damn universe  
Burn it to the ground

Rise from the ashes  
Start again, with gained wisdom  
Stay in your magic

You're a superstar  
Consider, for a moment  
How brightly you shine

—

Image by Skaja Evens

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I Wonder Why  
By John Patrick Robbins

Nobody ever speaks of you  
anymore.

As I question, am I the  
only one who still holds a  
memory my old friend?

You were seven years old  
when death came calling  
with a bullet's violent  
intrusion.

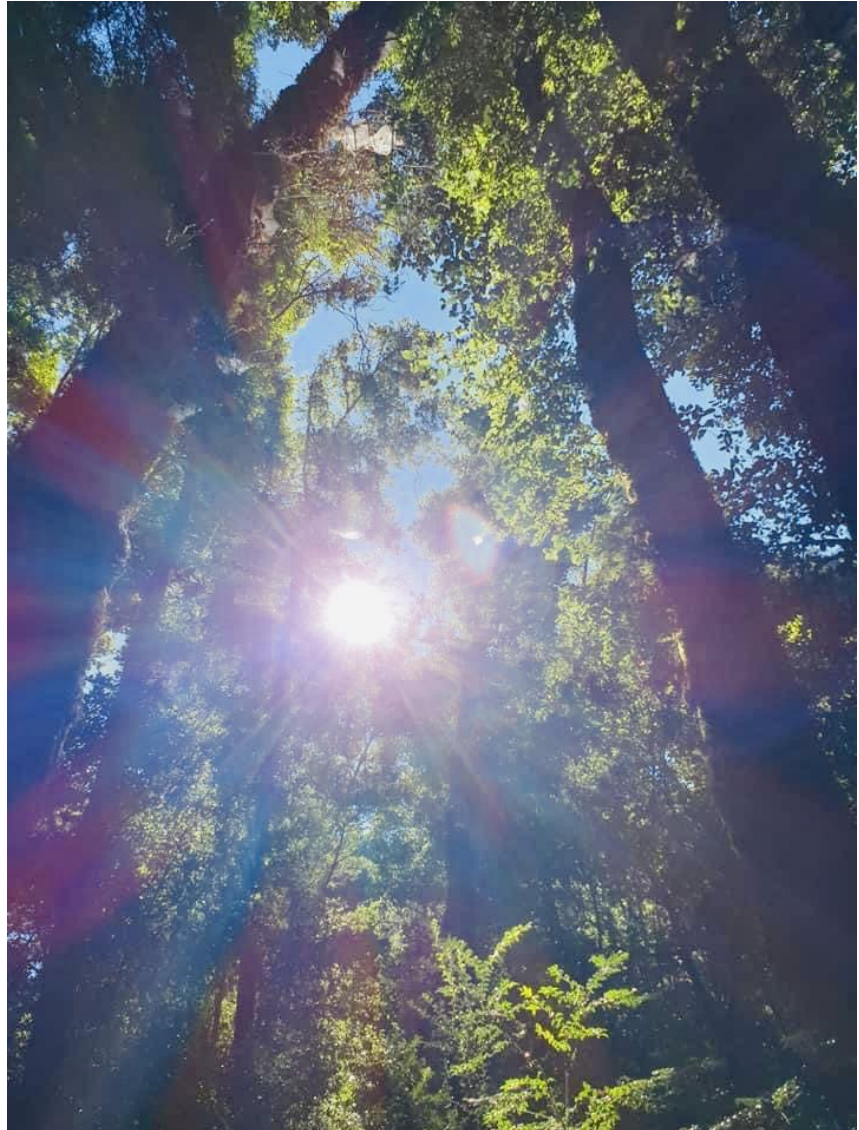
I have never forgotten,  
and as I sit alone, I  
question how others can  
so easily do so.

A clear conscience, like  
crystal waters reflected  
upon a summer's day.  
A beautiful thought and  
seldom my reality.

I recall you just the same.

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Photos by Jamie Calame

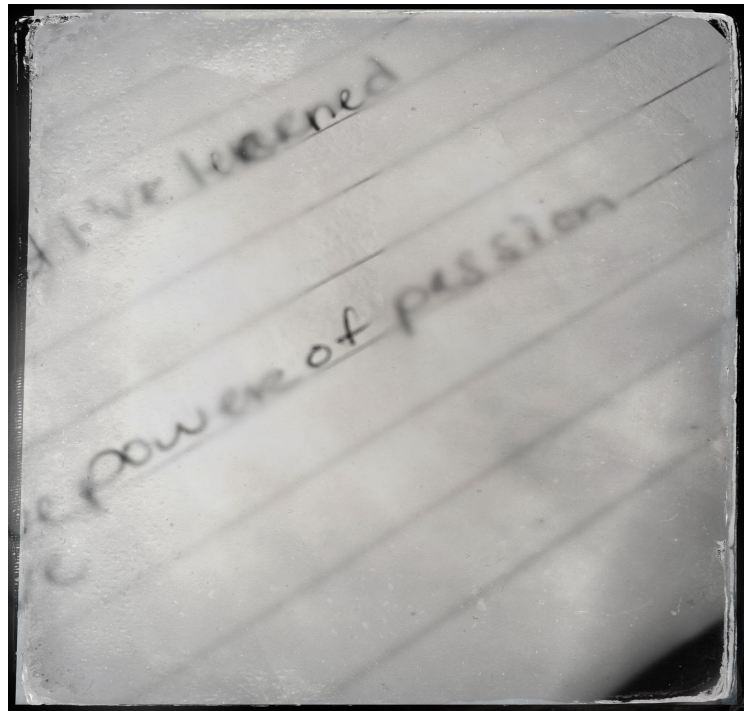




I love you  
By Buck Ravioli

Power of Passion by Skaja Evens

Before I ever met you I knew  
that I wanted to.  
The picture in a hammock made  
me fall in lust with you.  
We met face to face in Newport  
News.  
Playing a card game, I got my  
first clues.  
We went to the living room to  
socialize.  
My heart you'd already begun to  
hypnotize.  
Terrified, I asked if I could share  
a seat.  
Already so thankful that fate  
had us meet!



"Of course!" You said with a smile.  
A smile that made all my nervousness worthwhile.  
I sat silent trying to think of things to say.  
Scared that my silence would chase you away.  
We parted that night, having FINALLY met.  
Me ashamed that I hadn't had the nerve to make a move just yet.  
As I drove home I thought "damnit I blew it!"  
I'd blown my only chance to get to know you, I knew it.  
The next day you texted me, asking to hang out.  
I thought "She just wants to be friends without a doubt."  
We watched Ready Player One, I wanted it forever to last.  
We laughed and joked, the distance between us on my couch; so vast.  
And then you came over again.  
I never wanted that night to end.  
We kissed and we hugged.  
On my heart you tugged.  
That heart is now yours, forever and ever.  
For your happiness I'll always endeavor.  
I'm so proud to call you my love.  
It's like you were sent from above.  
There's nothing I won't do,  
To make sure you know that I'm totally in love with you.



My Inner Bitch by Scott Simmons



Burning Heart by Skaja Evens

Text Me Your Truths  
By John Patrick Robbins

She said, "I think you are a bit too morbid for my taste."

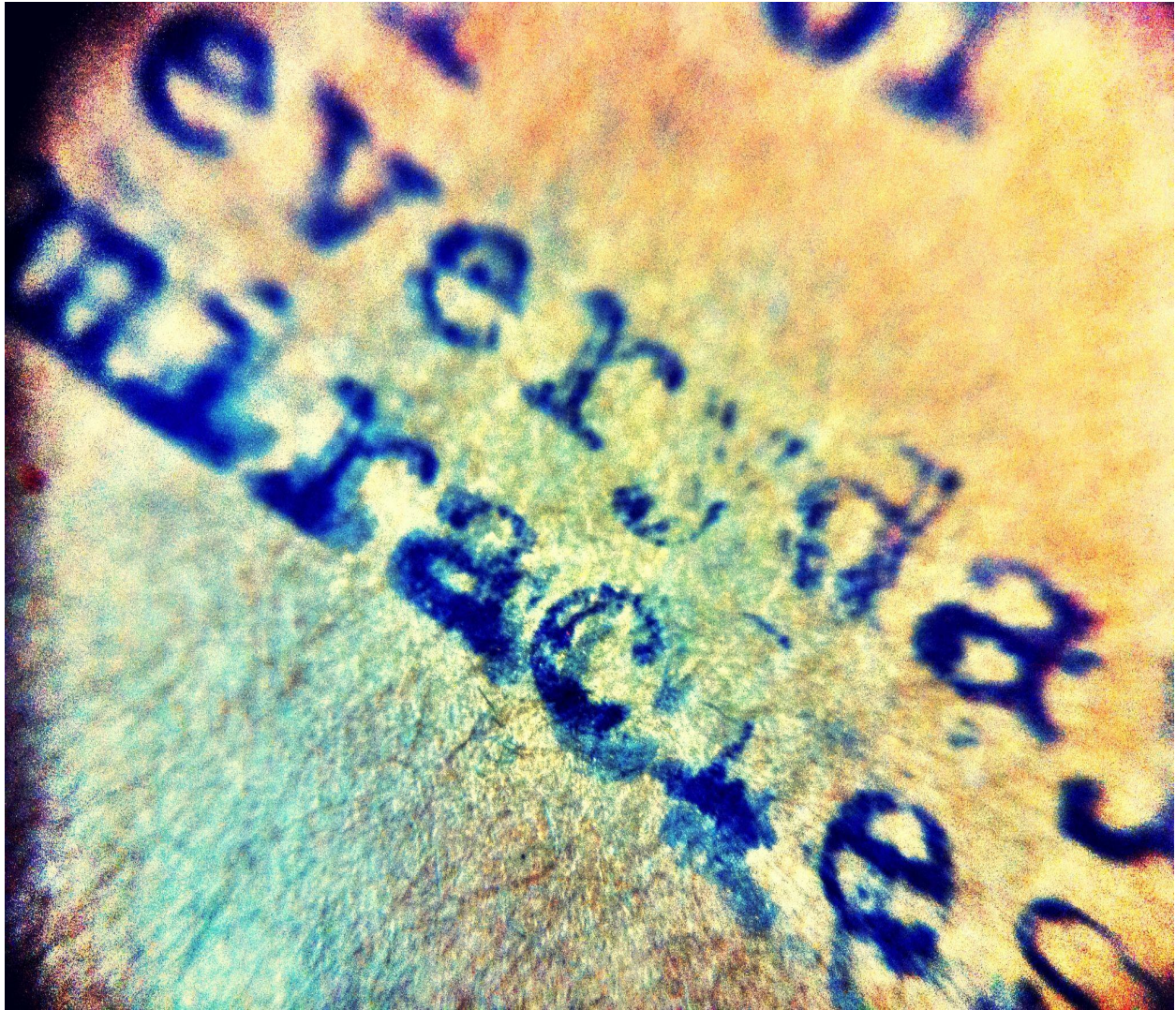
"Why do you say that, sweetheart?" I quickly replied.

"I mean, on our first date we met in the cemetery. So, yeah..."

"Well, I figure no matter the outcome, darlin, the backdrop should suit the hopes of our relationship," I replied. I felt a little bad because, in all truth, if that was so I should have just paid her and met her in my backseat.

Cheers.





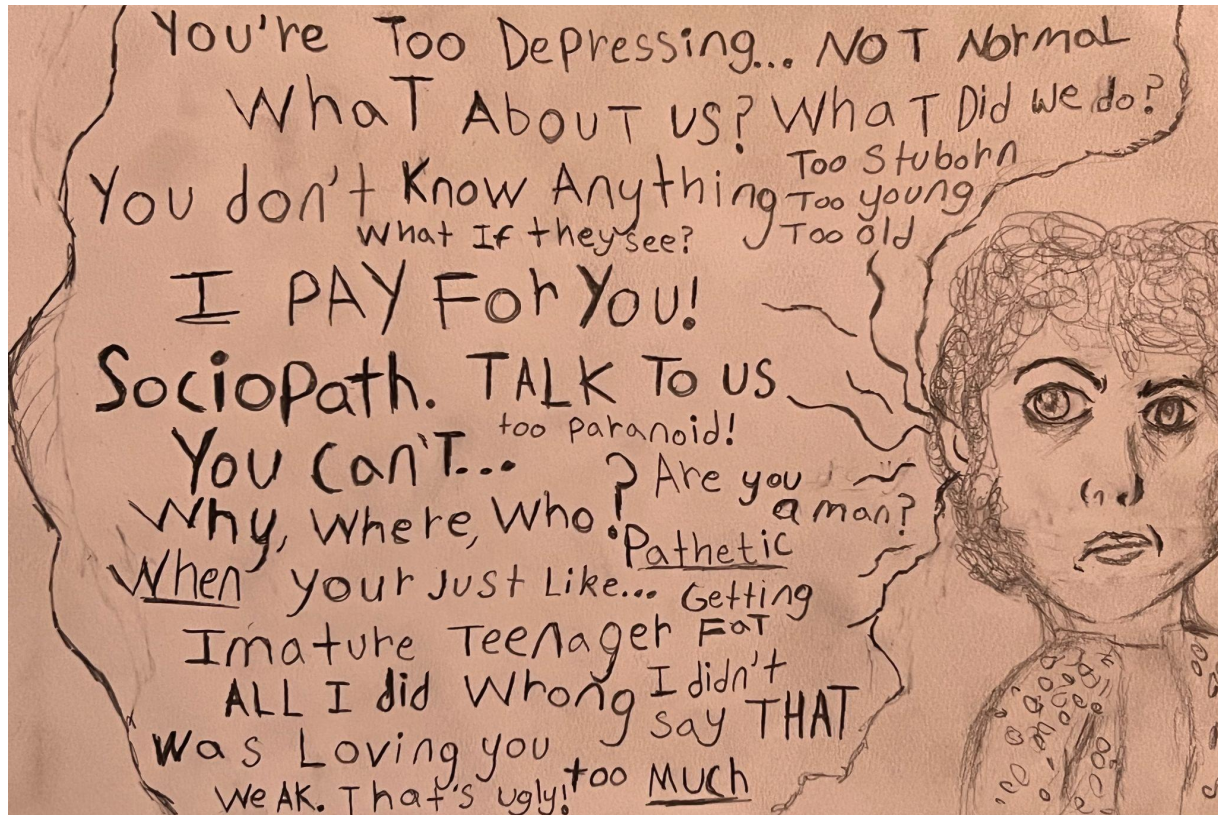
Everyday Miracles by Skaja Evens

Note to self  
By Skaja Evens

Slow down, babe  
You don't need it all figured out now  
Show up with an open mind  
The path will be revealed  
You're where you're supposed to be  
At least for now  
Let people find you and love you  
No convincing necessary  
Life is not an interview

No one to impress  
No standard questions  
No "what's your weakness?"  
You design your life  
Even with the capitalist grind  
The future remains undecided  
Until you make a choice  
Choose you, again and again  
Savor the moments  
Make mistakes  
Take a risk





A Self Portrait by Scott Simmons

All pieces on this page by Scott Simmons

### Never Bother Fitting In

I was treated like trash because of my mother.  
And no adult bothered to help me.  
They all saw me as worthless until she died.  
But once I had an acceptable family, I was innocent.  
So I was treated like a beloved pet instead.  
And held down firmly with a leash around my neck.  
Yet nobody ever treated me as a child.  
Because they were all too fickle to actually look.

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### Pure Stupidity

Russian roulette isn't as nearly fun.  
Whenever you know how the cylinder indexes.  
As it's no longer a game only a decision.  
No matter how you try to spin it.

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### My Own Biggest Fan

Once I got bored when my grandma left me alone in the car.  
But as a very mature 9-year-old I already knew a solution.  
So, I very calmly sat the large soda cup between my legs.  
And pretended I was sucking my own dick.  
In the middle of a busy McDonalds parking lot without shame.  
No wonder I became a writer as an adult.

Tall Are The Pines Low Are My Expectations  
By Ashley Karlsson

We met once, you were a stranger who seemed one of a kind.  
A drunk of your own admission, but a man whom certainly stood apart from the rest.

We spent that moment lost within the depths of everything I need not share with this page.

You remind me that hope does exist beyond dreams of fantasy and truths that are never set in stone.

What happened between then and now remains a mystery.  
Maybe one day I will solve the riddle or just happily indulge with you in a crime.



Image by Jamie Calame



To the Other Half of My Longest Relationship  
By Skaja Evens

It's interesting how once in motion, things keep going until colliding head first into an immovable object.

I tolerated your underlying disrespect for me and what we were to each other until I simply couldn't anymore..

The things I put myself through to make you happy.

I wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt and believe that you'd be fair to my heart.

I know people say things they regret, so every time you told me I ruined your life it was hard to believe. You'd apologize later and we'd chalk it up to our rough childhoods.

They say believe people when they show you who they are.

Love makes people do dumb things.

So do cravings.

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## Submission Information

**It Takes All Kinds** is a compilation literary and art zine published by Môtus Audāx Press. It was originally published by Skaja Evens (in another life, with another name) in conjunction with VAS Littlecrow, and consisted of five issues in 2006-07.

It was resurrected in July 2022 with Issue 6 (the issue you're currently reading). Submissions are ongoing, with the deadline for each issue on the 15th of the month to be considered for publication the following month. You will receive a finished copy (currently .pdf, though eventually I'm aiming for print copies).

To contribute to a future issue, visit <https://ko-fi.com/skaja> or email [motusaudax@gmail.com](mailto:motusaudax@gmail.com) with ITAK or It Takes All Kinds as the subject. The theme is open, and I accept poems, short stories, flash fiction, art, musings, comics, etc.

# Contributors

**Skaja Evens** is an artist and writer living in Southeast Virginia. She's been published with Spillwords Press and The Dope Fiend Daily. When not making art (and often while she does), she enjoys music, fictional crime dramas, and the antics of her cats. Find her on Instagram: @skaja

**John Patrick Robbins** is the editor-in-chief of the Rye Whiskey Review. His work has been published in Red Fez, San Pedro River Review, Horror Sleaze Trash, Punk Noir Magazine, Medusa's Kitchen, Piker Press, The Blue Nib and The Dope Fiend Daily.

His work is always unfiltered.

**Scott Simmons** is an "artist", humorist, poet, and is also the editor of the Dope Fiend Daily. His work has been featured at The Rye Whiskey Review, The Anti Heroin Chic, Horror Sleaze Trash, Duane's Poetree, and The Black Shamrock. More of his "art" can be found on instagram @deranged\_texan

With the help of the Hope Beaconess Herself, **Mandy Steward** is building a Hope Hub for the Secret Message Society, to empower self-taught creative women to trust and follow their intuition and express themselves without going back into hiding. Have you found a secret message today? There is still time. | SecretMessageSociety.com | @secretmessagesociety

Celtic Fairies, Fables, and Folklore!

**Christy Nicholas** loves all things historical, especially if it has anything to do with Ireland, Scotland, England, or Iceland, and she writes

historical fantasy, travel guides, and a book on writing craft. Her tales tend to the gritty, with bittersweet endings, and she's never afraid to torture her characters. But there is beauty in all darkness, and she loves showing that, as well. <http://www.greendragonartist.com>

**Renee Lynn** is a seasoned writer and offers spiritually-based services as the "Unique-tivity Guide" on her blog where she shares her writings and reflections. Currently, she has two short eBooks available on Amazon, with more planned and is writing her poetic memoir.

**Kari Burch** is a life coach for people who want to opt out of societal conventions and care less about what others think. She is an artist, poet, songwriter, and an occupational therapist.

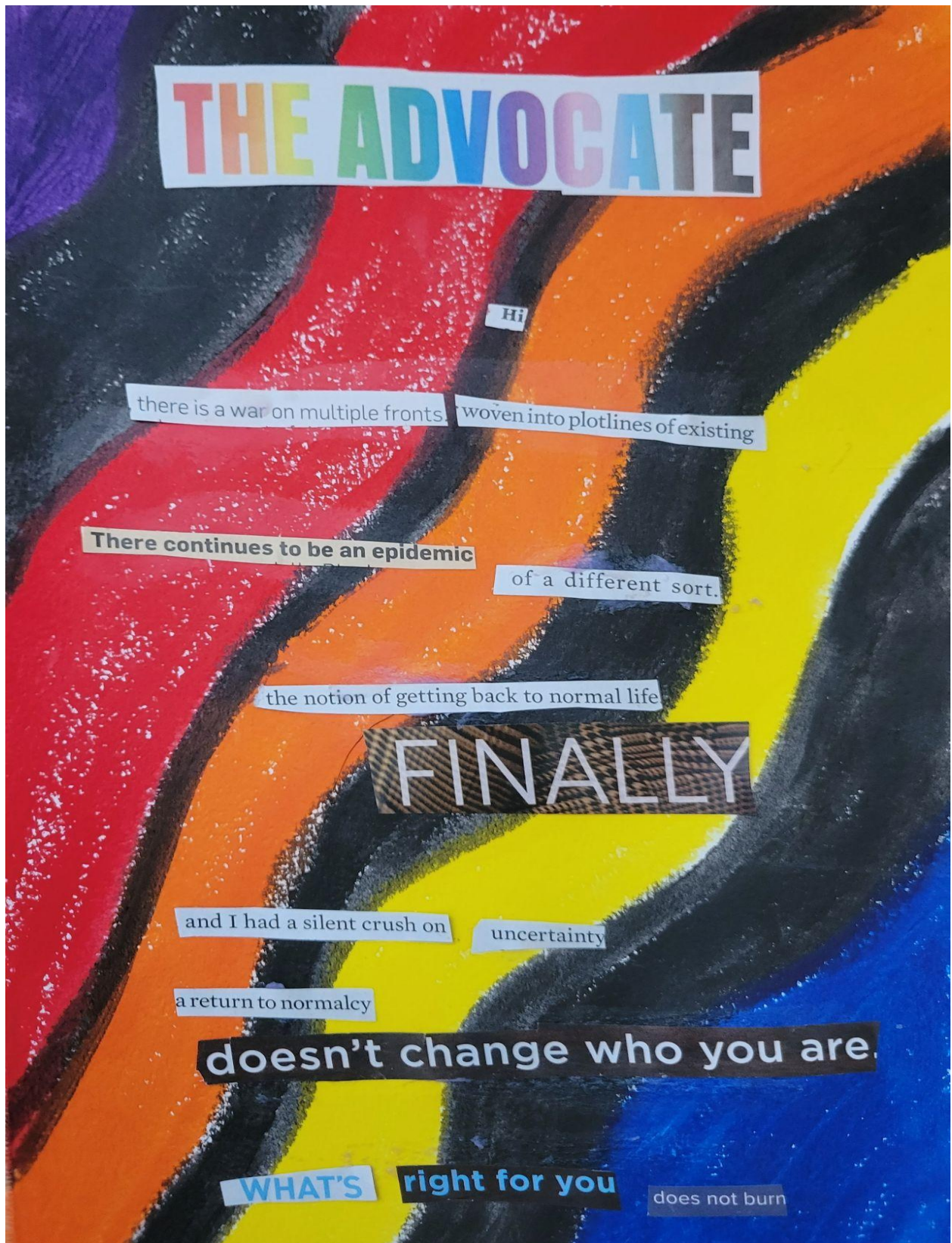
**Jamie Calame** is a disavowed ray of ebullient sunshine living in coastal Santa Cruz, California. His career trajectory takes him to industries he knows nothing about, and he enjoys every opportunity to learn about modern survival, while offering unorthodox counsel to those who seek it. Outside of the office life, he is a polyamorous, teetotaling, musical bicyclist who loves to capture colorful bugs and flowers by cameraphone.

**Jenna Leng**: Meretrix.

**Ashley Karlsson** is a poet from Oxnard California currently living in North Carolina. Her work has been published at The Rye Whiskey Review and the Dope Fiend Daily she is currently working on her first book to be released by Whiskey City Press.

**Buck Ravioli** is a dude that loves hard.





The Advocate. A piece made while angry and grieving. By Kari Burch





Stone heart by Skaja Evens